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TIRED.

I am tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street;
I am tired—rest is sweet.

I am tired. I have played
In the sun and in the shade,
I have seen the flowers fade.

I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit glad,
What has made my spirit sad

I am tired. Loss and gain!
Golden sheaves and scattered grain,
Day has not been spent in vain

I am tired. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me in my hopes abide.

I am tired. God is near,
Let me sleep without a fear,
Let me die without a tear.

I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within its nest;
I am tired. Home is best.

—*Peter Barn.*

A SEA TRAGEDY.

An Awful Story of Mutiny and Murder.

Bloody Affray Between the Brave Captain and Mate of a Brig and a Murderous Crew—His Son Killed—The Captain Executes Two Men.

After a cruise of eighteen months Captain Enstrom of the brig Natal was glad to get around and see his old acquaintances. His friends, who liked him always, now looked upon him with a new interest, as the man who had lived through the bloody mutiny of which they had read a brief account in the morning papers. Captain Enstrom is a man whom no one would care to trifle with unless it were absolutely necessary. His shoulders are broad, his chest deep, and when he shakes hands with any one the memory of his squeeze remains. The Captain's face, bronzed by the sun and seamed with deep scars plainly visible through his reddish whiskers, looks like that of a man of prompt action and not easily frightened. The impression is confirmed by a detailed account of the struggle in his cabin and his subsequent action.

"I was stretched out on this lounge," the Captain said, illustrating his meaning, "with my face to the wall, and was sound asleep. I was awakened at one o'clock in the morning by a blow from the carpenter's broad ax that made a wound of which you can see the scar, reaching from my chin back under my ear. When I looked up, half dazed, I could distinguish the carpenter's face by the light of the lamp burning near the compass box, and I saw the ax coming down on my head again. I raised my right arm, and thus broke the force of the blow. The ax handle struck my wrist, and the blade landed on my temple, leaving this mark that leads from my eye back across my ear. These other scars on my cheeks, neck and forehead were made by the carpenter, too, when he cut me with his knife, but he didn't do that right off. The sudden blow of the ax handle on my wrist made the blade fly off, and I had time to sit up on the lounge. The cowardly carpenter sat down beside me. I grabbed him around the neck and kept him from tearing at my wounds, which he was trying to make deeper with his hands. When he found he couldn't do it he threw his arms around mine, pinned them to my side and yelled out: "Kill him! Kill him!"

"Then, for the first time, I noticed that the steward was standing near the door, holding in his hand a narrow, long-bladed axe used in the galley, patiently awaiting his turn. He struck at me when the carpenter sung out, but he was excited and raised the axe too high. It struck against the ceiling, which you see is very low, and spoiled his blow. I had my right arm free by this time, and as the axe came down I grabbed it and wrenched it away from him. I was at too close quarters to use it on the carpenter, so I put it under my feet and turned my attention to him. Just as the steward struck at me he had said:

"'Never mind, I'll fix him.' And he was trying his best to do it, tugging at a sheath knife strapped inside his trousers. He got it out before I could stop him, and cut me, first of all, here in the left cheek, where you see the long scar. It was a very deep cut. I could see my teeth through it for several days. Then he cut me two or three times on the forehead, but, of course, he couldn't get through the bone. I said to myself: 'You must do something or you'll be killed.' Fortunately the steward was letting us have the fight alone. Just as I said this the carpenter stuck the knife in my neck. It didn't go into the middle, as he wanted it to, but went in under my right ear, here where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the axe. When the knife went through on the other side, I grabbed it with my right hand to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He scrouged it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to cut a big vein. It is the twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it away from him. At that minute the mate came reeling into the room, and blood was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward thought he was dead. Anyhow they left at once, and I was so much cut up I had to let them go, or else we might have killed them in there with the kitchen ax that I had under my feet. Yes, certainly, it's lucky I was a strong man; but it's luckier yet that there was a stronger hand than mine in the room, or else I'd be dead."

Captain Enstrom is a family man, father of seven children, and the eldest son, a flaxen-haired boy of nineteen, was on board with his father studying practical navigation and acting as second mate of the vessel. He seems to have been the first one attacked by the mutineers. It was his watch on deck, and before going below he had drawn up a bucket of water to wash his hands and face. His cap was found near the bucket split almost in two, probably by a blow from the carpenter's axe. The water in which he was washing was reddened with blood, as though he had been struck as he was leaning down toward the water, and a bloody trail led to the side of the ship, whence his body was thrown into the sea.

After the killing of young Enstrom the mutineers divided up the work that remained to be done. The carpenter undertook to dispose of the Captain, and made the attempt already described. Toton, a seaman, who afterward proved to be the ringleader, took charge of the mate Sylvanius, and, revolver in hand, made for the mate's stateroom. Sylvanius was asleep, and it was quite dark in his room; but Toton knew the lay of the land, and, using his best judgment, fired four shots in rapid succession, and then ran out to see how the carpenter was progressing. His judgment in firing proved good. The first ball put out the mate's right eye, the second struck him in the chin, and the other two took effect in his body. Toton was wrong in thinking Sylvanius was dead. He was alive, and, knowing that more deviltry must be going on outside, he arose, picked up the revolver which Toton had dropped, and ran to the Captain's room. As Toton came in one door Sylvanius came in the other, holding in his hand the revolver with one bullet still in it. It was a surprise to Toton when he found the Captain fighting, and still more a surprise when the mate appeared opposite him and tried to shoot him with his own pistol. The carpenter, the steward and Toton made for the deck together. When they were out of the cabin the Captain and the mate locked themselves in, got out the medicine chest and fixed each other's wounds. Neither understood surgery, and the best they could do was to bathe them and diminish the flow of blood by binding the wounds with lint.

When this was done both felt easier, and began to cast about for methods of revenge and for regaining control of the ship.

On the wall over the Captain's bunk were fastened an African leather shield and two assegais, placed crosswise. The shield was clearly useless, but the assegais might do to strike the mutineers. The mate was about to take them down, but just then the Captain recollected something better. He opened his locker and took out a rifle and a brace of revolvers. When they were carefully loaded the two officers sallied forth. The mate had one of the Captain's revolvers and the one he had picked up, and the Captain had the rifle and a revolver. If things had not been serious, they might have been taken for a couple of Robinson Crusoes. But this thought didn't occur to the mutineers. They stood at the door, armed with axes and capstan bars, and began the fight at once. But the number of fire-arms demoralized them. They had no time to fight much before a half dozen bullets flew around and sent them scattering forward with the Captain and mate in pursuit. The forward hatch was open and Toton, Refus, another seaman, the carpenter, and the steward jumped down in wild haste. They liked to fight with sleeping men best.

One of the seamen did not succeed in getting out of sight. Johansson was the unlucky one, and he looked much dispirited as he tried to make himself small behind the capstan. He had a capstan bar in his hand, but it didn't look very formidable when the mate, with his two revolvers, and the Captain, with his rifle all ready, came at him from different directions. That was too much, and Johanssen expressed a wish to yield. The Captain's first instinct was to shoot every one engaged in so cowardly an attack, but Johanssen's part of the mutiny had been quiet, and the Captain told him he might live if he would go to work. A little later the Captain discovered the murder of his son, and regretted his clemency, but he kept his word.

For four days the Captain and mate worked the vessel, with Johanssen at the wheel. Their wounds caused them excruciating pain, and even constant ablutions with salt water could not ward off the aggravating effect of a hot climate. On the afternoon of the fourth day the Captain had made up his mind what to do, and he told the mate about it, who agreed with him. Their wounds were getting worse, and they might be helpless at any time, in which case Johanssen would betray them and let out the men in the hold, who would pitch them overboard. In any event, should the fine weather cease, they were not capable of managing the ship alone. They must have help, and that without putting themselves at the mercy of their men.

The Captain and mate went forward, pulled off the hatch, and ordered the men to come up and submit. There was no answer. The Captain emptied a revolver at random into the hold and repeated the order. This was followed by a whispered conversation. The men were exhausted by four days' fasting. Beside it was unpleasant to be shot at in the dark, and they made up their minds to submit. The Captain ordered them up one at a time, and the mate stood ready to enforce the order. The carpenter was the first to appear. After all had laid down their knives and axes, they were ordered to stand in line. The Captain looked at them sternly, and then taking careful aim with his revolver, shot the carpenter through the heart. The man dropped like a log, and the others stood in speechless terror, while Johanssen thanked his stars at the helm. Captain Enstrom waited a moment, and then lifted his revolver again. This time it was the seaman Toton's turn, and he dropped dead beside the carpenter. The last two, who had been the tools of the dead men, were nearly dead with fright, but they were needed to work the ship.

"Throw those bodies overboard," the Captain said, "get something to eat, and go to work."

They gladly obeyed, and heaved the two corpses into the sea, and then united with Johanssen in faithful obedience.

A few days later the Captain fell in with a Norwegian bark, whose Captain lent him two men. Their presence enabled the wounded officers to take much needed rest, and the vessel soon arrived safely at Brisbane. The mate was taken to a hospital, and when last heard of, was still there. The Captain, thanks to his wonderful constitution, recovered rapidly, and was able to proceed on his voyage with a new crew.

He complained bitterly yesterday of his treatment at Jamaica, where the authorities seemed most anxious to try him, and allowed the mutineers to go free after two months' imprisonment, although they confessed their guilt. Toton, they said, was their leader; he understood navigation, and had joined the ship at Boston in July, 1883, with the mutiny already planned.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Carrier pigeons in France are henceforth, like horses and mules, to be registered, so as to be subject to military requisitions when necessary. A decree issued recently orders owners or breeders to make an annual return to the Mayor of the number of their pigeons and the journeys to which they have been trained.

—A poet writes: "I send you my poem, but I fear I made a mistake in not writing a refrain to it." Never mind, we shall do the refraining for you. The way in which we shall refrain from printing it will finish the poem beautifully.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE TALE-BEARER.

Observations Touching the Practical Effects of False Statements.

In many communities, lesser and greater, there may still be found the tale-bearer, who, as in Solomon's days, separates chief friends; frequently a woman, not unfrequently a man. And the pestilence that walks in darkness is not so mischievous or so hateful. Well one remembers, as a child, the lowered voice, not without a nasal intonation, the unmistakable busybody air, the unforgotten formula: "Now you must not mention it for your life; but she said that you were a vulgar, ugly thing." Many, indeed, are things so said which recur to the unwilling memory. But there are matters which it is degrading to recall, even to gibbet them. I wish heartily I could forget a great deal which comes back to me as I write this line. John Stuart Mill said that one marked difference between the educated and uneducated class is that the latter will readily tell a falsehood; the former will not. It is sad that one's experience appears sometimes to testify that the deplorable tendency has its place in some individuals of either class.

Let a rule be here laid down which ought never, under any circumstances, be departed from. Never listen to one who proposes to tell you something a friend has said to your prejudice, your pledging yourself never to speak to your friend on the matter. Here you have come across the basest and most cowardly of all backbiters and mischief-makers, likewise the vulgarest. Your course here is plain. Say to the cowardly tale-bearer: "I warn you that if you say one word I shall go straight and tell my friend that you told me this story and ask if it is true." Dr. Chalmers' mother always met any bit of spiteful tattle with words to this effect. It was pleasing to see how the mischief-maker hastened to back out of the story. And the mischief-maker did not come back to Mrs. Chalmers a second time; unless a greater fool than common.

A little organization has gone on smoothly for years, its members trusting one another and working harmoniously together. But in an evil hour the mischief-maker is admitted to that small society. Soon there is suspicion and drawing off; possibly the whole thing blows up. Each has been secretly poisoned. No doubt each ought to have cut the mischief-maker short, but not all had wisdom and firmness to do so.

You remember. I doubt not, how the mischief-maker once offered, "from a sense of duty," to relate to you circumstances which tended to make you doubt your best friend. He "wished to caution you." You cut him short finally. But what if that whisper had got hold of you? Of course, you would have asked your friend about it, and things would have been cleared up. But some folk dread a scene and avoid it. And such leave a painful impression. The repetition of them ends in alienation.

One has known human beings much perplexed to know why, after being made a good deal too much of in certain places, they were suddenly dropped. A modest man would say, because I made a bad impression; I disappointed people. Years after it came out that it all came of the skillful misrepresentations and innuendoes of a clever and (in the main) good man. But he could not bear to see your promotion. The frantic tenacity with which some men keep hold of some trumpery privilege is even exceeded by their frantic terror lest any neighbor should get hold of it, too.

When falsehoods are systematically told by a man (not designed to keep a neighbor back or down) his purpose generally is to make himself of consequence. He is influential; holding strings in his hand; playing off one against another. Privately tell A that B abused him; privately tell B that A abused him. If they be vulgar souls they will listen to you. And no doubt you are a sneaking tale-carrier; yet you have a certain influence which possibly you could get in no other way.

When falsehoods are systematically told by a woman, if old, she is spiteful. She wants to give pain and make mischief. If middle-aged, things are not so bad. Her main desire is to be talking about herself. She is always the heroine of her fibs. And she would talk of herself forever. She would rather tell evil of herself than tell nothing.—*Longman's Magazine.*

METEORIC STONES.

Where Do They Originate, and How Do They Come to the Earth?

The falling of a huge one in Western Pennsylvania—a stone as large as an average house—seems to have excited some interest on the part of many persons to learn something more about these strange and dangerous visits. It is rare that we hear of one of such great size as this Pennsylvania meteor: indeed, one may well question the truth of the account. But there have been even larger ones, though not, probably, in modern times. The theory of some persons, that these red-hot stones have been thrown out of some volcano, and then been drawn back to the earth's surface by gravitation, is wholly untenable. These fiery rocks come from "other worlds than ours." It is not probable that they are recent emanations from one of the other planets; they are drawn, in all probability, by the earth's greater attraction, out of their place in some of the great meteor streams that revolve, like the earth, around the sun, each in its own orbit. At certain points in the annual journeys of our own world, and of these great streams of loosely aggregated rocks of many sizes, the two orbits evidently so nearly touch as to make it possible for the globe on which we live to capture some of the meteoric bodies which constitute the fringe, or skirt, so to speak, of the meteor stream. Once, on the 13th of November, 1833, our globe must have actually brushed through the thinner outer fringe of the astonishing aggregation which has since come to be known among astronomers as the "November stream," in contradistinction to another whose skirts we almost touch in August, and which is called, therefore, the August stream. Other streams may exist, in the interplanetary spaces, of which the astronomers have no positive knowledge; or, there may be irregular masses, or even endless cases of separate meteoric bodies, all rushing around the sun in different orbits. It is certain that countless millions of these objects, mostly quite small bodies, are actually drawn in upon the earth. Most of them, apparently, are burned up before reaching the earth's surface, and descend in an invisible, impalpable form of exceedingly fine dust. Occasionally this can be plainly seen—as it was once, in the suburbs of this city, when it seemed at first, shown against the afternoon sun, like a real shower of rain, only a rain from a clear sky, but which quickly proved to be a shower of dust, so fine, that unless it chanced to be seen against the sun it was invisible. Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, holds this unseen falling meteoric dust to have been an appreciable, indeed an important, factor involved in the problem of the alleged growth of the bulk of our planet, and has actually tried to compute something of the rate and extent of that supposed increase. However that may be, our globe certainly does capture an enormous number of little foreign bodies. One or more can be seen silently streaming across the sky on almost any clear, calm night; sometimes a number of them—their seeming course across the sky, instead of plunging straight down, being merely an optical effect, due to the angle at which the appearance is seen. These meteors, entering the earth's atmosphere, and plunging with more and more velocity as they get nearer the surface, are heated to a white heat (and thus made luminous and visible) by the increased friction caused by their increased speed and the increasing density of the air. Most of them appear literally "burnt up," but some, usually the larger ones, hold out against their own conflagration till they burst with a great explosion, or plunge intact (but red-hot) into the ground—or the sea. Without giving credence to the Western story, a few years ago, of a man being killed by one of these meteors, there is still some small degree of likelihood that such a thing might happen; a much lesser chance than the danger of being struck by lightning.

The August train of meteors is computed to be 90,000,000 miles long—or about as long as the distance from the earth to the sun. Others are of unknown length.

Where do they originate?

The question is easily asked. The answer, while it is one about which we feel but little doubt, seems to be not susceptible of being sustained by actual proof. These meteoric bodies appear to be not exactly like any of our rocks. Many of them are more like a kind of half-vitreous "iron stone" than anything else; they show the work of heat, and ring, on being struck by a hammer.—*Hartford Times.*

THIBETAN DWELLINGS.

How They Are Constructed and the Various Uses They Are Put to.

To begin, and in order to familiarize the reader with the surroundings and conditions of life of the people under description, let us picture a typical Thibetan house.

The outside walls are generally of stone, set in very inferior kind of mortar, but oftener in a bedding of puddled mud. When clay is available the builders much prefer to have only the foundations of stone and the walls above-ground of well-prepared clay, which latter they build up between plank molds. These are removed as each layer is finished, and then raised to act as molds for the next layer.

The houses have two stories, and frequently there is a shed along one side of the roof, in which the inhabitants work when the sun is oppressive. A great part of their work is done on the flat roof, such as thrashing grain, etc. The ground-floor is devoted to the cattle—horses and pigs, etc. The fowls usually roost with the family on the first floor. The construction of the floor of the upper story is sufficiently curious. Its main supports are cross-beams; on these smaller beams are placed at right angles, on which are laid slabs of wood; on these again are laid small twigs like broom, and then a coating of mud plaster is spread, on which the planks are finally placed. A hole is left in this floor for their primitive ladder (a piece of wood with notches cut in it), up through which hole ascend all the effluvia from the animals below!

There is only one door for the whole house. In front of this door there is generally a court-yard surrounded by walls. All the manure and refuse is allowed to remain *in situ* under the house, and in the court, all the year through, till shortly before the season for manuring the fields, when it is all collected into a big heap and left to ferment there from a fortnight to three weeks, after which it is spread over the land.

The larger houses have one or more wings and a veranda. The floor forming the roof is made in the same way as the other, only there is an addition of cow-dung to the mud instead of planks, and the plaster thus made is beaten for days with sticks to make it amalgamate, as in India. All cracks, as the plaster dries, are carefully filled up with fresh plaster till the whole is a good solid roof and floor combined, and very well adapted for thrashing.—*Charles H. Lepper, in Popular Science Monthly.*

TRIMMINGS.

Fringe and Lace Used With Handsome Plain Dresses.

The various grades of black silk, gros grain, armure, faille and duchess are all to be largely used this season, when a thoroughly good and handsome plain dress is required. The favorite trimming will be lace and jet, or any of the elaborate fringes of silk cord and balls or beads. An admirable style of fringe, either in black or colors, is the Milan drop fringe. It is composed of silk braid, with enameled or covered wood drops depending from each end. It has much to recommend it, is very strong and will generally wear as long as the garment upon which it is put. Acorn fringe is very stylish for cloaks and for outside suit garments. It is made of chenille and tipped with pendents of enameled acorns in perfect imitation of the real oak nuts. A new lace, called the Teuton yak, comes in black and colors. Various widths in flounces with fronts to match are shown in this lace. Jet fronts are still favored and a pretty caprice is to combine lead and jet beads together in the embroidery. Some of these fronts are hand made, but the less expensive are done by machinery. A very stylish ornamentation for street or carriage costume is the hussar loops. Large, twisted cords are also formed into armhole and shoulder ornaments, falling in long, graduated loops down the back of the costume. For princess overdresses in plain cloth this is the only trimming required. Marabout feather and clipped ostrich feather trimmings are much favored for short dolmon wraps. They always make a garment look stylish, and are a favorite go between in place of fur or fringe. The shaded browns are specially attractive, and exceedingly elegant and desirable is the chinchilla effect, which is black shaded into white. Small muffs are made to match these feather trimmings, which are extremely stylish finishings for street wear.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*